

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, MARCH 30, 1852.

NUMBER 26.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months.
THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year.
ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following terms: For one Square (fourteen lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.
The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published semi-weekly until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

From the International.

CRADLE AND COFFIN.

Two receptacles awaiting
Meet the needs of human kind;
Each with its appropriate freight,
Each with garlands intertwined;
Cradle where the child reposes—
Coffin which the dead encloses.

Cradle, placed in marriage chamber,
Swaying, swaying to and fro;
Uprits sides the children clamber,
Toiling in a rosy glow:
Whispering angels oft descending,
Sweetest dreams the child ere lending.

Coffin, midway placed, and dreary,
Cold, funereal, draped and still;
And its tenant resting weary,
With the death-damp stealing chill
Shrinking shapes, grief-struck weeping,
Round the couch are vigils keeping.

Cradle—coffin—intervening,
O! the long and aching years!
Soul, slow learning time's dark meaning,
Eyes out-looking through their tears:
Kindly, seems the death cold stillness,
Genial seems the rest and chillness.

All the nooks where self has hidden
Memory searches to the core;
Till dark spectres come unbidden
Through the lattice and the door;
Come upbraiding our omissions—
Self-convicting our commissions.

Loving deeply, fondly, truly,
We infinite demand;
Yielding up, spontaneous, duly,
Free-will offerings, heart and hand;
Hence this anguish is but telling
Of the depth whence love was welling.

HEART WISDOM.

BY VINCENT LEIGH HUNT.

'Tis weak to pine for pleasures past, or scorn
To hoard their leaves still green in memory.
Our happiest days, like frailest flowers must die
The winds that take the blossom, leave the thorn;
To some hard trouble all of us are born.

Blessed the day that's passed without a sigh;
Blessed a day with sighs—if we can dry
The tears of those who have a cause to mourn.

How many hate, who might each other love,
Did they but judge the living as if dead—
Stretched cold before them with dim stony eyes!
Diviner far than all the stars above
Is one forgiving word in kindness said—
One loving look that in the memory lies!

From the Muscogee Democrat.

ELLEN LAURENS:

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MARION.

BY S. B.

CHAPTER I.

It was at the close of a spring day, in the year 17—, that two persons were walking together in one of the then extensive forests in the State of South Carolina. They seemed to be engaged in earnest conversation. The youngest and tallest was dressed in a hunting frock-coat, and his pants were confined by the tops of his boots. Around his neck was suspended a handsomely worked powder horn, also a pouch. On his shoulder was a splendid looking rifle, and the shining barrel, and the absence of any of those marks which show ill-usage, made it evident that no small degree of care was taken in the preservation of it. A profusion of chestnut locks waved around as handsome a set of features as one could desire in man. The small mouth, high forehead, and light blue eye showed a becoming degree of firmness, resoluteness of purpose, and promptitude in action. His height was about five feet eleven inches, and was shown to the best advantage by his coat being buttoned up to the chin.

Harry Singleton was about five-and-twenty years of age, and a constant life in the open air had hardened his muscles, and rendered him fully capable of the life he had chosen, which was a determined resolution to oppose the invaders of his country, and, if necessary, to shed the last drop of his blood in its cause. He was in affluent circumstances, and well acquainted with Marion and other patriotic men of his State.—His companion was dressed as a person who lived in the wood, and whose only means of support was his rifle. His sun-burnt countenance, sandy hair, and rough manner of speaking, betokened a life spent in the woods. And from his manner of constantly searching the woods with his eyes, it would seem that he was not

only accustomed to be on his watch for game, but also for any lurking danger, whether from man or beast. Having been engaged in wars with the Indians, he imbibed their habitual caution, until he became an equal if not an overmatch for them, in all their cunning and woodcraft.

He, too, carried an old, heavy looking rifle, which seemed to have a peculiar interest in his eyes. And from long companionship, he entertained a kind of love for it, which was made evident by the respect which he seemed to handle it.

'And you really saw a band of Tories, on one of their usual expeditions of rapine and slaughter?' This was addressed to Joe Baker by his companion.

'Yes! Mr. Singleton, I see 'em on the road that leads by Joel Bunker's. They were mighty good humored some how or other, as if they expected to have mighty good luck about something. Reckon they come out to hunt the 'Fox.' Wonder they didn't bring any dogs. 'Foxes are cunning animals, and ain't every dog that can come up with 'em, any how. The way the leader on 'em made the curses and oaths fly, is a warning to morality. I felt main like sending a ball through his head, only for Captain's 'spress orders.'

'Did you take any notice of their conversation?'
'Why, not much, but they did seem as if they were bent on catching somebody, and getting a big reward for 'em in Charleston.'

'Tell me all about it.'

'Well, you see I was scoutin' along to see what I could find to tell Captain. You know he jist got here last night, and is at 'Oak Spring,' waiting for Bill Thatcher to return from up the country, where he carried an old gentleman who was mighty afraid of the Tories, and wanted some men to 'company him. It must ha' bin mighty curious business he was about, or Captain wouldn't ha' gin him so many men. Well, as Captain told Bill to meet him at the 'Spring,' he is there now, waiting for him, and sent me out to pick up news. I was goin along, jist alongside the road, to keep from being too public, when I heard horses trampling. I dodges behind a tree and looks up the road, and seed twenty or thirty of them traitor Tories coming along, bragging and talking as if on purpose to let every body know they was coming. They spoke of taking somebody, I don't know who, and chuckled mightily to think they was about to git somebody in their clutches. One said he meant to git 'roaring drunk, as they were paid.' I heard the Captin say 'she's devilish pretty, and once mine, I'll make her bend, for all she was so haughty awhile ago.' 'Yes,' says another, 'leftenant, I suppose, and you'll keep the father to make her more pliant.' 'Dammie, if I don't I'll—' That's all I heard, and I begun to think he meant Col. Laurens, and his daughter, Miss Ellen.'

'Do you think,' answered Singleton, 'they would dare touch a hair of her head?'

'They'd dare do anything. I know 'em well. Any body what would turn agin their country wouldn't stop at murdering, or burning houses either, if they could git money by it.'

'By all that's true, they shall not. I'll go this minute to Col. Laurens and inform him of his danger, as I understand he intends soon to visit his friend Joel Bunker.'

'Stop a minute, Mr. Harry, don't be in a hurry; you'll ruin all the fun. How would you like to take 'em?'

'How! what do you mean?'

'Why, I mean that we can and must take or kill this whole band. Do you suppose I came all the way here, purpose to see you, for nothing? If you prevent them from taking the kernel, they might 'tack his house and set it afire afore we could get men enough to stop 'em. Don't be in such a hurry, and I'll explain.'

'Well, go on.'

'You go to Captain and tell him all I've told you. You'll find him at 'Oak Spring,' about one mile, in a straight course in the swamp. Tell him I'll come as soon as I can, for the grass shan't grow under my heels. I must go to look for Kurnel, and maybe I can help him—jist look what a beautiful shot!'

Harry Singleton lifted his eyes from the ground, where he had kept them during the preceding dialogue, and followed the direction indicated by his companion's finger, and beheld a noble buck gazing steadily at them, at the distance of about two hundred yards. It was only for a moment, for, giving a start, it bounded away and was soon out of view. 'Ef I'd have been hunting them 'old nation' would have had her talk, before you could have hopped away that easy, old fellow.' And he stroked his gun, which he called by the familiar name of 'old nation.'

'Well, Joe,' said Harry, 'we must be moving; it is no evening stroll from here to 'Oak Spring.'

'Good bye, then, and I hope to see you agin soon.'

They parted—each taking a different course.

CHAPTER II.

It is to one of those noble southern mansions that I will now take my reader. Col. Laurens was truly a southern gentleman. Hospitable, friendly, and, moreover, a strong Whig. None were more willing to take up arms in their country's cause. He had already seen a good deal of service, both against the Tories and Indians, and had thereby gained the title of 'Colonel.' He had one child, an only daughter, whom he prized dearly. It were useless for me to attempt to describe her. To say that she was pretty, would be saying too little. She was beautiful. Such a fair outline, such flashing eyes, such bewitching smiles, and such flowing curls, it is rarely allotted to man to behold. Her countenance was one on which you could never tire of gazing, and when she opened her mouth to speak—showing a set of pearly teeth—her silvery tones enchanted you, and made captive the heart. Such a ringing laugh had she, that it put all in a good

humor who heard it, and might have been called *innocence* itself.

It was on the morning after the meeting of Harry Singleton and Joe, that Col. Laurens and his daughter were sitting at the breakfast table discussing the merits of the various dishes of which it was composed. It was just as Ellen rose to retire that her father said to her—

'Well, Ellen, I hope you will soon be ready to set out. Have you made all your preparations?'

'Yes, father, and will be ready as soon as you desire. I finished my packing last night and have only to change this for a travelling dress.'

'That's a dear girl; run, now, and get ready as soon as possible. I am in a hurry to get off. I have been promising Joel a visit a long time, and mean to take him by surprise.'

'But, father, are you not afraid of some of those bands of Tories that do so much damage, and kill so many innocent persons?'

'I would be afraid if I thought there was any danger. But he would be a fiend that would injure you, and it is only on your account that I am fearful. If I am informed aright, there are none about at this time; so calm your fears, and prepare to start. I dare say you wish you could have Harry as a guard. No doubt your journey would pass more pleasantly.'

'Now, father! how can you talk so? You know—'

'Oh, yes! I know very well how it is. He is a truant knight, and you will have to scold him when you see him.'

'If he knew we were in danger, he would be the first one to fly to our rescue.'

'Certainly he would. I know him very well, and I knew his father before him. He is a fine young man, and if the wind keeps fair, who knows what might happen? He may take it into his head that the marriage state would be more conducive to his happiness than the single. And who knows but, in making his choice, he might—where to now, girl! Off, like the wind. It's certain that she loves him, and as certain that he loves her. But he is every way worthy of her, and is the only one of my young acquaintances whom I would be proud to call son-in-law.'

Harry Singleton had graduated at a northern college. Often during his collegiate course did he picture to himself a fair form fitting among the woods, plucking the wild flowers, or dashing along the road, as he had been wont to do, in her company, before his departure. How much he desired to be free to return home, can only be told by how swiftly he sped on his way thither when the time of his emancipation came.

Sanguine as were his hopes, he was hardly able to realize the vision that burst upon his view, the first time he saw Ellen. Just budding into womanhood, she formed a fit object for his overflowing tide of affection. He did not endeavor to restrain himself in the least, but felt that he could only live for her—that she was indeed a prize worth striving for. He became a constant visitor at her father's house, nor did he try to hide his purpose. To say that she had forgot the one who climbed the high rock to pluck from thence the flower, growing in the crevice, or who was ready at any time to scour through the fields in her company, where their light-hearted laugh made the woods ring again, would be saying more than was true.

She waited, therefore, very anxiously for the time of his arrival, for she felt as if he was her brother. But instead of seeing him as her imagination pictured to her, she saw him a perfect gentleman. Precious little sleep did she get that night. Was she in love? Oh, no! Time passed on until at the period of the opening of this tale they considered themselves to be all in all to each other. Though he had not virtually offered himself, it was his intention to do so on an early day.

It was about nine o'clock of the morning on which the previous conversation took place that a company was seen to depart from Col. Laurens's and take the road towards the left, and which led in a westerly direction. First came the Colonel, and by his side rode Ellen. Three servants followed behind, one female and two males, who carried all the things necessary for a week's sojourn, except what was contained on the back of the sixth horse, led by one of the negroes. It was one of those pleasant days on which all nature puts on a smiling aspect, and the birds carol their songs among the trees, as if in praise of their creator.

'Now isn't this pleasant?' said Ellen. 'It puts me in ecstasies.'

She could not keep from looking back and speaking to her maid, or calling her father's attention to some object which came into view.—Her very horse imbibed her spirit, and tossed his head as if he would have been very glad to mend his pace. There was a proud, happy smile on her father's face, and as he answered her enquiries or spoke to her in any manner, he cast on her a look beaming with pride and parental affection—for she was a treasure to be proud of.

It was towards three or four o'clock in the afternoon as they began to weary, that they passed a dark, swampy part of the road. On each side were thick bushes and vines intermingled. They were riding silently along, expecting naught of evil, when suddenly a man stood before them on horseback.

'You are my prisoner, sir?'

'Not yet,' answered Col. Laurens, and was endeavoring to get his pistol.

But the other quickly presented a pistol, and said—

'It is better for you to yield, as at one call I can surround you with my men.'

Little did he think, that at that instant there was an unerring rifle, not seventy yards distant, which could have sent a leaden messenger of death through his head before he could have levelled his own pistol.

The Colonel yielded with a bad grace, and, casting one look of tenderness upon her who but a moment before had been all life, and who now sat the picture of despair, he motioned to the Tory leader to proceed. Not a word was spo-

ken by any one, but the Tory Captain wheeled his horse and took the direction in which Col. Laurens and his daughter were proceeding. It was something strange to see horseman after horseman enter the road, as the cavalcade passed, and, forming a line, follow on in silence.—There was no visible emotion in Col. Laurens's face; only a slight movement of the nether lip showed how much he regretted the capture—not for his own, but for his daughter's sake. How could she bear it? What would befall her? were questions he could not answer. But her natural strength of mind had by this time gained the ascendancy; and her calm features evinced a firm reliance on Providence, and a determination of baffling, if possible, a most atrocious scheme; for she easily recognized in her captor a former suitor for her hand, whilst spending the winter in Charleston. His suit had been modestly but firmly rejected. And he was told that she had no love to bestow on him, as her affections were pre-engaged. Bitter rancour took the place of love in his heart, and he vowed vengeance for his supposed insult. Long had he meditated concerning the best method of gaining his object, and many were the schemes proposed and rejected, until, for purposes far different, he obtained a company of soldiers, and set out for her father's residence. Chance put in his power what he intended to effect at any price. He rode on before in moody silence, only now and then casting a glance behind to see that all were safe. He really had great respect for Ellen's father, and therefore did not intrude his company. He presently called one of the men to him, and after a few words turned and said to Col. Laurens—

'As our course lies somewhat different from your intended one, perhaps it would be better to quicken our speed, if you wish to have a pleasant place for your encampment; as I have the disagreeable necessity to inform you that we will be obliged to camp out to-night.'

'Captain Branchville is aware that I have been accustomed to a soldier's life, and therefore it will not incommode me in the least. But there is one to whom the ground will be a hard bed, and canvass but a slight protection from the night air. However, there is one who 'tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb.' If it please you, we can easily move faster.'

Giving his daughter one confiding look of affection, the Colonel spurred his horse on, and the whole company were soon going at a trot. Towards night they halted and encamped at 'Oak Spring.'

CHAPTER III.

We now change the scene to Marion's camp. Perhaps no other person was as well fitted for the sort of warfare he engaged in, as was Marion. No one could tell the precise place he occupied, and at times, when the British thought him farthest off, he would pounce on them, and, committing great havoc among—if not cutting them to pieces—would retire before they had recovered from their surprise.

Enclosing himself within the swamps, he defied pursuit, and remained secure until another occasion offered for doing his country a service. It was from this that he earned and received the appellation of 'Swamp Fox.' He had, at the time we now speak of, only just arrived at 'Oak Spring.' He had appointed this place as the one at which one of his Captains should meet him, who had been sent on a certain expedition. This was the day appointed for his return. Marion, as usual, had sent out his scouts, and waited impatiently for their return, for with his diminished forces he could not hope to fight to any advantage. One entering his camp would not suppose a human being to be in miles of him. A universal stillness reigned, and nothing was to be seen, as trees were the only tents used, and they were too careful with their fire to allow it to be seen. One tent formed of the branches of trees joined together, and concealed as much as possible, constituted Marion's 'Oak Spring' abode. In this was seated Marion, enjoying a slight repast, when a man ushered in a visitor.

'Ah!' exclaimed Marion, 'how are you, Singleton? Happy to see you. Take that stool, and help yourself to some of these baked potatoes. Any news? You look as if you had something to say.'

'And so I have, General.' And he forthwith repeated all that Joe had told him, and gave his own suspicions to add force to his story. Marion listened in deep thought; and at last spoke.

'May be it is not so bad. Wait until Joe comes, and we can tell what to do.'

Very impatiently did he await the arrival of his most trusty scout, and often did he wish Thatcher would return, so that having a sufficient number of soldiers, he could attack and drive back the band of Tories; but being situated as he was great circumspection was necessary.

Sometime before dusk, Joe returned with the intelligence of the capture.

'Now listen!' said Marion. 'I want you to go immediately to their camp. I am determined to get possession of this Tory captain. He shall commit no more ravages. Do you disguise yourself as a countryman, enter the encampment, be saucy, so as to be kept a prisoner, and endeavor to arrange some method by which we may know who is the captain. How will you do it?'

Joe studied a while and then said: 'I leave it; you will know him by his feather.'

'Very well; take Tommy Tadpole with you; his 'gift' may be of some benefit. The attack will be made at 'the Walnut,' as they will probably take the road to Charleston. Act according to circumstances, for I must have him prisoner.'

Harry Singleton was also desirous to accompany Joe, but his Marion would not allow, saying: 'You will have enough to do to rescue your intended, Harry.'

It was dusk when two other prisoners were brought before the Tory Captain, who demanded who they were.

'Why, I'm myself, Captin, and I knows you well. I seen you often down at Charleston 'mong the Britishers. I'm jist from thar now.—I carried a whole lot of these tosell, and they took mighty well, I tell you. Every one of 'em has one o' these stickin' in his hat, and it looks pretty, too. I got a dollar apiece for each one of them, but you may have that one for half a dollar.'

And Joe displayed a handsome bunch of parrot feathers, looking as if made for a military hat.

'Let me see,' And the Tory Captain took it and placed it in his hat. 'Did you meet any body on the road? Any of those d—d rebels?'

'No! I never seed a rebel.'

'No impertinence, sir! Have you heard of the 'swamp Fox?'

'No; we have no swamp foxes, that I ever heard of, but we have plenty of grey ones; and a deal of mischief they do among the poultry.'

'Sir, are you making fun of me? I have but to say the word, and thy carcass will hang on yonder tree. Answer my question; are any of the rebels about?'

'Not as I knows of, but they'd come mighty quick if somebody could tell 'em you were here.'

The Tory cast one searching look in his face and said—

'Take them away and bind them; it will not do for him to escape.'

'My half a dollar, ef you please.'

'I'll give you this!' said Branchville, as he made a lunge at Joe, which, luckily, he avoided. The Tory Captain replaced his sword in his scabbard, muttering—

'My booty is too precious to lose. Scorn, indeed! She shall soon know into whose power she has fallen.'

It was very evident that his temper was soured. It was only a few minutes before, that as he had endeavored to catch Ellen's eye, he met there such a glance of withering contempt that roused the demon in him, and raised his passion to a pitch beyond his control.

Joe and the other person, whom he called 'son Tommy,' were taken away, and bound. Tommy stood staring at every thing he saw, like a perfect idiot. Pointing to a bayonet he asked 'what that was?' Some one taking it and, by way of answer, touched him with it, causing him to give a cry of pain—after that he asked no more questions.

CONCLUSION.

The following morning, though bright and beautiful, opened gloomily on the prisoners. On that day they would be dragged to Charleston, and perhaps thrown into prison. A horrible thought! The order for the march was given, and all started for 'Oak Spring' at a fast walk. The Tory Captain's hat shone from the effect of the feather, and his face shone from his anticipated triumph. It was about nine o'clock that they came to a long sandy stretch of the road, and they allowed their horses to walk more slowly. First came Col. Laurens and his daughter, riding with Branchville. Next came Joe and his 'son Tommy,' together with the servants. After them came the whole company of horsemen. They were just passing a large walnut tree (the Captain endeavoring to carry on a conversation with the Colonel, who was too downcast to talk much) when the report of a rifle was heard and one man bit the dust. Then followed a volley from each side of the road and others tumbled from their horses. The rest, badly frightened, and being taken surprise, all took to flight.

In the beginning of the affray, Tommy Tadpole dexterously slipped his hands from the cords and cut Joe loose in an instant. He, as soon as free, turned a somerset in the air, lit on the Tory Captain's horse, pulled him from the saddle to the earth, and before he could struggle had him tied on the ground, and stood over him in triumph.—Tommy, in the meantime, slipped into the woods and soon returned, bearing two rifles. He handed one to Joe, who quickly raised it to his shoulder, fired at the retreating crowd, and smiled to see one fall.

At the sound of the first shot, Col. Laurens had dismounted, and helped Ellen from her horse. She, who was calm and collected in danger, now gave way to a flood of tears, and her strength failing her, she fell back into the arms of—Harry Singleton.

Col. Laurens looked around, and seeing Marion by his side, grasped his hand. Being too much overcome to speak, he remained silent, until, finding words he said—

'My best friend! how can I repay thee?'

Marion, smiling, whispered something into his ear. Col. Laurens, turning round and seeing the state of affairs, answered 'I will!' and grasped his hand firmer than before.

Six months from that time there was a great wedding. Many were the guests, and among the rest were Joe and Marion. The bride, Ellen Laurens—the bridegroom, Harry Singleton. Col. Laurens gave away his daughter, and at the end of the ceremony, turning to Marion, he said, 'You see! I have performed my promise.' Marion nodded assent.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS IN CALIFORNIA.—The San Francisco Herald, of the 12th ult., says that emigrants now come to farm as well as work in the mines, that thousands are forsaking the mines and taking to the cultivation of the earth; and that rapid progress has been made in the interior in the settlement of agricultural lands. In Yuba, Calaveras, Tuolumne and San Joaquin counties, which have heretofore been known only for the mineral treasures, an immense quantity of land has been taken up and improved. Farms of 160 acres each have been laid out—ditched and fenced. Neat farm houses are springing up in every direction, and all the signs of an old settled and well cultivated country are fast making their appearance. An unprecedented amount of land has been put in seed this season, giving promise that California will soon cease to depend upon other countries for the produce of the soil.